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THE MORAVIAN SETTLEMENT IN NORTH CAROLINA.

ADELAIDE L. FRIES.

It was the 17th of November, 1753, and the bleakness of winter was settling over hill and valley. Not a sound broke the primeval quiet, and but for the witness of a deserted cabin one might have said the foot of man had never touched the soil. The sun rode calmly through the noonday sky; but ere it sunk into the crimson west a change had come upon the peaceful scene beneath. The startled squirrels, peeping from their hiding places, saw twelve men, plainly clad, but resolute of mein, making themselves as comfortable as might be in the little hut; and as night closed in the wolves in chorus howled the requiem of the wilderness. Who were these men, and what had led them here?

At the beginning of the fifteenth century the kingdom of Bohemia was stirred from end to end by the preaching of John Huss, his protests against the abuses in the Church of Rome, and his pleadings for a purer life. After his fiery death factions arose disputing hotly among themselves, but from out the turmoil there was gathered together a group of earnest men, determined to heed the admonitions of the Reformer and adopt the Holy Scriptures as "the rule of their conduct in life, and the ground of their hope in death." At first it was only a society within the bounds of the national church, but in the course of time it grew into great importance in the kingdom, and unfortunately became entangled in the political disturbances that followed. Relentlessly persecuted by the Jesuits, many members of the "Unitas Fratum" (Unity of the Brethren) were forced to flee into Moravia, and elsewhere, and the earliest Protestant church seemed crushed forever. In 1722 descendents of the refugees in Moravia emigrated to Germany, and on the estates and under the guidance of Count Zinzendorf they reorganized the ancient church. Not content with this they sent out missionaries to the slaves in the West Indies, to Greenland, etc., and soon became widely and favorably known. The first settlement in the United States was begun in Savannah, Ga., in 1735, but was abandoned on account of military difficulties, the neighbors insisting on their sharing in militia service, and the "Moravians" refusing to bear arms for conscientious reasons. From there a number of them went to Pennsylvania and aided in the building of Bethlehem, which has remained an important Moravian centre. But there was a desire on the part of those in authority to establish a colony somewhere, in the centre of a large tract of land, where all disturbing elements could be held at a distance, and all affairs, civil and religious, might be ordered according to their simple but strict rule. With this in view Bishop August Gottlieb Spaugenberg made a tour of what is now the State of North Carolina and part of Tennessee, and finally selected and arranged for the purchase of 98,985 acres of land on Muddy Creek and its branches. Thither went the first settlers in the fall of 1735, finding temporary shelter in the cabin already described. Fields of wheat were planted at once, and other houses built, and the village received the name of *Bethabara*. The advent of these industrious men, skilled in various trades and professions much in demand in a new and scantily equipped country, quickly drew the attention of all about them, and the "Dutch settlement" (though it was not Dutch but German) was soon known far and wide. Of course their difficulties were numerous, but a unity of purpose

helped them greatly. Following the custom of the German Moravian congregations every effort was bent for the general good, work was assigned to the different members by the Church Boards, the profits from such labor went into the general fund, and the common purse provided for the necessities of the individual. In the course of time strangers wished to join them, but preferred more independence, so the town of Bethania was begun three miles away, in the year 1759.

From the beginning it had been the plan to have a town in the centre of the "Wachovia Tract," as the 86,985 acres was called, and in February, 1765, the site for *Salem* was chosen by "lot" from several which had been selected as suitable locations for the new town; and on February 19, 1766, eight young men from Bethabara moved into the first house built in Salem. The first minister of the Salem congregation was installed in 1771 (previous to this time it had been served by ministers from Bethabara) and the Wachovia Tract was made independent of the Pennsylvania Boards.

Common house-keeping was never established in Salem, but other portions of the German Moravian plan prevailed for many years. One of these was the so-called "Lease System." The Unitas Fratrum was not an incorported body, so when the Wachovia Tract was bought the deeds were made to James Hutton of London, "in trust for the Unitas Fratrum." This caused much trouble during the stormy days of the Revolution, Hutton being an alien, but the trust clause saved the case, and the Legislature of North Carolina confirmed the title to Frederick William Marshall, the representative of the Unity resident in Wachovia. When Salem was built 3,159¾ acres of land was leased by the Salem congregation from the Unity, and part of it in turn sub-let in town lots to members. The lessee might build such an house as he chose, but through the ground-rent perfect control was retained by the governing board of the congregation. In 1826 Salem congregation purchased its land from the Unity, and in 1856 the Lease System in the town was abolished, and the lots sold outright to those who desired to change.

Another institution which was of immense value to the new town was the "Salem Congregation Diacony." When Salem Congregation was organized the authorities reserved certain interests, the store, tavern, pottery, brick-yard, etc., for the church. Some "Brother" was put in charge of each of these, with a small salary guaranteed, and an additional share, usually one third, of the net profits. The share coming to the church was used for the payment of ministers' salaries, and

general church expenses, and for the erection of new buildings. The Home Church, built in 1800, stands a monument to the thrift and success of those early days, the cost having been met from the funds of the Diacony; and its substantial walls, standing as firmly as they did one hundred years ago, were largely the work of the members' own hands. The "Single Sisters," and the Single Brethren" had their houses on opposite sides of the open square, and each had its "Diacony,'. to which the resident members contributed, and from which they drew their support. The former still stands and is much patronized by ladies who have no particular homes of their own ; the fund established in the days of the Diacony serving to keep the house in repair, while as much liberty prevails within its walls as in any other apartment house. The "Brothers' House" is now used by the Widows of the Congregation in a similar manner.

Questions are frequently asked as to the use of the "lot" by the Moravians. It was no random "drawing of straws," but the Brethren firmly believed that when they had done their utmost to reach a right decision, the Lord was willing to tell them if they had judged correctly. . It was a simple but a very solemn service of prayer at which the "lot" negative, affirmative, or a blank, was drawn from the the little wooden bowl—such as are still preserved in the Salem Archives—and of course the decision was final. Perhaps its best known use was in arranging marriages. If a young man wished to marry he presented the name of the young lady of his choice to the Elders. If they approved, the "lot" was tried, and if the answer was "yes" the offer was made to the lady, who was at liberty to accept or reject it as she chose. If however the "lot" said "no" that ended it, though the young man might present the same name again at some later time; or, if he wished, he could suggest or agree to some other name for which the "lot" would be taken. Tradition says that the marriage so arranged were almost universally happy, but the custom was abolished many years ago.

From the old Bohemian days to the present the proper education of the young has been a cardinal point in the Moravian church, and it seeks to give it to all within its reach, not selfishly confining itself to its own children. In 1802 the Salem Female Academy was established, and for almost a century has striven to instruct and ennoble the young womanhood of the land. For many years it was the only school of importance in the South, and in these later days of a multiplicity of high-class schools and colleges for girls it occupies a unique position, high in rank from

a point of scholarship, and surrounding each girl with a home-like care and guidance such as is given nowhere else.

As the years have passed away changes have come to Salem and its associated Moravian towns. Some old customs lived their day, outlived their usefulness, and were discontinued. Others grew nearer and dearer as the months increased, and are to-day a priceless heritage. The Easter season, for example, with its week of special services culminating in the sunrise service on the beautiful God's Acre on Easter morning, draws friends from far and near, while Christmas brings a thrill to every heart who has ever known what it means in Salem.

In material affairs also great alterations have taken place. When Stokes county was divided in 1849, Salem was found to be almost in the centre of the new county of Forsyth, and it was thought desirable to place the court house at or near that place. After some negotiations the Commissioners purchased 51¼ acres from the Salem Congregation, the tract lying about half a mile north of the Salem church. There the court house was built, and a new town began to rise. The court house bore the name of Salem for two years, then the State Legislature decided that it should be called "Winston," and now the two towns lie side by side with no visible line of separation. Many denominations are represented in Winston, but Salem still centres about the Moravian Home Church, with its six filials reaching out into every portion of the busy little city. Throughout the county likewise numerous Moravian congregations have sprung up, and invitations are coming from more distant points. The influence extended by the settlement in Wachovia has been a very quiet one. Remembering the disasters of the days of the Ancient Unitas Fratrum, the church in America has meddled not with things beyond its scope ; but going silently on its way, it has left its impress on thousands throughout the land, whose names do not appear upon its rolls, although its name is written upon their hearts.

THE APPALACHIAN NATIONAL PARK.

HOW THE PLAN ORIGINATED, AND WHAT ITS ESTABLISHMENT WOULD MEAN FOR NORTH CAROLINA.

S. WITTKOWSKY.

While traveling in Europe, some twenty years ago, the writer on a certain occasion met several Americans. I was introduced as a North Carolinian to a gentleman from Ohio. His countenance assumed a puzzled, inquiring look, and I soon learned, that he was making a mental survey of the map of his own country in order to locate North Carolina. Presently he seemed to recall his early geographical training; a "Eureka" like expression of intelligence lit up his face, and in a self-satisfied manner he said: "Oh, yes! It is in Asheville!" North Carolina in Asheville? Think of it ye Tarheels.

I cite this instance to show how little was known of North Carolina beyond the Atlantic States only twenty years ago, and how Rip Van Winkleism, until quite recently, ruled in the Old North State.

But, Presto Change! Within the last twenty years the wand of progress has touched our state. Within that time she has made greater strides in industrial developments than any other state in the Union. To-day the wonderful resources and magic developments of North Carolina are known and talked of, not only in every part of the Union, but in Europe as well. Every true lover of our state swells with just pride in his heart when he points to these facts.

The timber lands and the beauty of the scenery of our state have attracted the people from all parts of the civilized world. Only three weeks ago, a gigantic corporation of English and American capitalists bought a portion of our timber lands in Eastern North Carolina for $23,000,000, which land, twenty years ago would probably not have sold for $1,000,000. While all this is gratifying, it is insignificant when compared with the possibilities of the "Land of the Sky." There nature has put forth her sublimest efforts. There one stands transfixed and views with awe the grandeur of the scenery. There man is involuntarily brought to feel his

own insignificance, and to realize the sublimity of the Creator and the grandeur of his handiwork.

There grow the Hemlock, the Oak, the Chestnut, the Walnut, the Poplar, the Spruce, the Pine, the Cherry, and many other varieties of forestry, to enormous girth and height. Here one finds, as no where else, the sparkling, glittering waterfalls, and the music of rushing streams. Here hundreds of mountain peaks raise their heads, one above the other, to receive the first kiss of the rising sun and the last farewell of his setting rays.

Thousands of fertile valleys on whose bosoms flow panting the erstwhile perturbed streams, which (teeming with mountain trout) limpidly wind their way to the gulf. The sweet scented laurel, the rhododendron, lobelia cardinalis, azalias, and thousands of other flora skirt these valleys on every side, presenting to the tourist a scene as beautiful and enchanting as the most poetical mind could conceive.

To preserve these grand forests and shield them from the axeman's hand, has, for a long time, been the wish of many of our most thoughtful citizens ; but, for the want of concerted action, no plan had materalized until recently, when Judge Day visited a friend who had settled in Western North Carolina, and being so much impressed with the scenery and surroundings, invigorated, stimulated and exhilerated by the health giving ozone, gave the *cue* to the advisability of making a National Park for the East, as the "Yellow Stone" is for the West. Shortly thereafter President McKinley coming through Asheville, Judge Day pointed out to him the grandeur of the scenery and the propriety of having a National Park for the Atlantic side of the United States; and we hope succeeded in inspiring him with his views and enlisting his co-operation.

The foregoing incident so encouraged the people of Western North Carolina, that their long cherished wish began to take shape. The Board of Trade of Asheville, soon thereafter, called a convention of citizens from various States, which was held at the latter place on November 22, 1899. That convention was largely attended by prominent gentlemen from the two Carolinas, Georgia and Tennessee. Among whom were our two Senators, Mr. Butler (in person) and Mr. Pritchard (by letter), Congressmen Crawford and Richmond Pearson, Messrs, Josephus Daniels, Raleigh News and Observer; N. G. Gonzales, editor of The State, Columbia, South Carolina; P. A. Stovall, of the Savannah News, Savannah, Ga., and many others of note. The meeting was very harmonious and patriotic, but there developed

a difference of opinion as to the name. Some held that it should be called the "Southern National Park," others, "Southern Park and Forest Preserve," and still others, especially the committee appointed for that purpose, held that the word "Southern" might have a tendency to localize it, and thus fail to secure the co-operation of the Eastern and Western Congressmen, and some that Forest Preserve would not give it the national scope and character so much desired. Hence the committee, and I think very wisely, recommended the poetic, euphonious name, which was originally imparted to DeSoto by the Indians as the name of this Eastern chain of mountains, to-wit : the Appalachian.

Thus the Association of the Appalachian National Park was organized by the election of Hon. G. S. Powell, president, and Dr. C. P. Ambler, as secretary and treasurer; with vice-presidents for the various states, the following for this state, to-wit :

A. H. McQuilkin, M. H. Cone, Hon. R. D. Gilmer, Hugh McRae, J. P. Caldwell, Harry Walters, A. B. Andrews, S. Wittkowsky, and F. R. Hewitt.

The various committees have been at work in their respective spheres, and a bill for the establishment of the Appalachian National Park in Western North Carolina has already been introduced in Congress.

It is the aim of the Association to have the United States Government purchase from 400 to 500,000 acres of land located in part in Western North Carolina, Georgia and Tennessee. Should the Park be established it would redound to North Carolina's greatest glory and benefit. No longer would it be possible for an Ohio man to locate North Carolina in Asheville, as tens of thousands of tourists, not only from this country, but from the whole civilized world will annually flock to this "Mecca of Health and Wonderland." Soon there would be dotted hundreds of cottages and mansions—perhaps not of as princely magnificence as the Vanderbilt Palace, but nevertheless, places of elegance, refinement and comfort would spring up, and instead of as now "a log cabin here and there," elegant homes would be the rule.

The hundreds of unused water powers would be harnessed for industrial plants. Towns and cities would spring up. Lands would enhance in value a hundred fold. The various minerals and precious stones now hidden in the bowels of the earth would be uncovered. The axe and the hammer would be heard in unison with the humming of the spindle and the loom. All would be life, thrift and contentment,

where now are heard only the hooting of the owl, and the occasional growling of the bear, panther and wildcat.

I have heard it asserted by those who have visited both the Yellow Stone Park and the territory comprising the prospective Appalachian Park, that with the exception of the Stalactites of the Yellow Stone, the Appalachian has a hundred fold greater attractions. The Yellow Stone can only be visited during about four months of the year, while the Appalachian could be visited every season in the year. The expense attached, and the time lost, to reach the Yellow Stone is beyond the means of the average American citizens, whereas to reach the Appalachian is within the means of almost every one.

From Boston to the Yellow Stone Park is a journey of 87 hours, and from the same point to the Appalachian, is 31 hours; from New York to the Yellow Stone is a journey of 79 hours, and from the same point to the Appalachian, is 23 hours; from Chicago to the Yellow Stone is a journey of 50 hours, and from the same point to the Appalachian, is 26 hours.

But there is still work ahead for all of us, to obtain the consent of Congress, and it behooves every citizen to bestir himself or herself. In this cause, the students of The State Normal could exercise a good influence with their dear papas, brothers and sweethearts?—But no! *Perish the thought!* Students of The *Normal* have no sweethearts—*ne'r a one.* They have only young gentlemen friends, or perchance a convenient cousin or two; if so, I urge them to enlist these in the good cause.

A GIRL'S SCHOOL LIFE FIFTY YEARS AGO.

M. M. W.

I have been requested to write an article on this subject for the NORMAL MAGAZINE.

Thinking it over in the twilight, certain pictures began to shape themselves in my mind. I saw a tiny girl of four clinging to her sturdy little brother of ten and refusing to let him go to school without her. She cried and he begged till finally mother said "She can go, but she will soon get tired and I will send the nurse to bring her home." That was the beginning of my school days, for I did not "get tired," but kept at school till my eighteenth year. Shall I give you a description of my first school? A low, dark room, with a few benches and stools, a high chair for the teacher, who was the busy mother of a large family and often occupied herself at moments of leisure with knitting or other work. With little education herself she faithfully drilled us in the alphabet and blue-backed spelling book, and carried us as far in arithmetic as she could go herself. Discipline, there was none. The children studied aloud or talked in an audible whisper. When the confusion of sounds interrupted the lesson, there was an urgent demand for silence, enforced by a tingling switch on the more unruly. Generally we were all good-humored and accustomed to the noise pursued our tasks with an equanimity which I doubt that your Practice School could equal.

Would you like a description of the dress of children at that day. I am afraid you will be shocked, but I will tell you as nearly as I can remember. We wore calico or gingham dresses with round full waists, bishop sleeves and straight full skirts which came below the knee, and then, oh horrors, white pantalettes which reached our shoe-tops. Our shoes were not the neat high-buttoned shoes of the present day, but heavy thick-soled shoes which just reached the ankle. Rubber was expensive then and thick shoes a necessity. A sun-bonnet of calico or cambric in summer and quilted woolen goods in winter covered our heads. Short home-made capes or shawls served instead of the neat jackets now worn. Little taste was shown in cut or material.

At nine I left the infant school and entered the Academy. A proud day for me! I was a good reader and speller, and had gone as far in arithmetic as Compound Numbers.

Our books? I wish you could see the old Morse's Geography I studied, with all west of the Mississippi river except parts of Louisiana, Arkansas and Missouri, marked Indian Territory. We studied Emerson's Arithmetic, Murray's and Smith's English Grammar, Goldsmith's Histories of Greece and Rome, then a History of England and one of France, all before we had any history of our own country. I never saw a history of North Carolina until Wheeler's was published after I was grown. In due time we took up Algebra, "Watt's on the Mind," Natural Philosophy, "Abercrombie's Intellectual Philosophy," and "Kame's Element of Criticism."

The teacher of this school was a graduate of Princeton, a Christian gentleman, who gained the respect and affection of the children, which he retained as long as he lived, but he was too gentle, too reserved and sensitive to control the large number of boys and girls under his care. There was not time for one teacher to do justice to so many classes, so it happened that the quiet and studious profited by his instructions while many a girl and boy with bright minds, but mischievous simply from a flow of animal spirits went through the school course with little benefit, but I suppose that is the case with all schools of that grade. Of course, the sensible girls at the Normal would never dream of so wasting their valuable time or giving so much trouble to their faithful teachers. I would do injustice to teachers and scholars if I left the impression that our school was disorderly as a general thing, but I must confess when Sally Bett and Hannah tied together the feet of two of the Senior Class—one the best, most quiet girl in the school, and the other the most dignified, so when they rose to go to their recitation, both fell ignominiously on the floor—there was confusion for awhile, with dire threats of revenge from Annie, while Elizabeth's tears of mortification had more effect on the culprits. Our teacher would not whip a girl but they were compelled to stand on the rostrum, facing the school, for several hours, but I'm afraid it had little effect on their thoughtless minds. It was after this that the trustees engaged an assistant teacher, a gentleman whose sternness certainly improved the discipline of the school. With all the laxity of discipline our beloved old teacher inspired many of his scholars with his own love of study, particularly in Latin and Mathematics, which were considered the most im-

portant studies of that day. There was a strong feeling of kindly competition among us, though we had no prizes to stimulate our ambition. Examination days were trying times. They were held at the close of the session and attended by the trustees of the school, the ministers, doctors and lawyers of the the town, with as many of our parents and friends as felt interest enough to induce them to come. One of the professional gentlemen was generally asked to conduct the examinations in some study—especially mathematics. How proud we were if we stood a good examination as a class. Of course we expected the bright ones to get through with honor, but how we trembled if a hard question were given to a timid girl or boy not noted for smartness. What a temptation to prompt them ! That resisted—what glances of encouragement and congratulation if she did well, or of indignation if he failed!

The great lesson of the day was spelling. All in the dictionary were ranged along one side of the room, and we had "cutting up and down." I remember two girls who were nearly always at the head. They could hold the place but one week, then went to the foot and had to win their way up again, so they alternated each week. A certain bright boy who didn't know then which he loved best, contrived to stay near the foot so he could enjoy their society.

Another important event was the speaking on Friday. In those days it was not thought well for girls to be made conspicuous, so this was confined to the boys. How James Henry made the rafters ring with Antony's speech over the dead Cæsar! I can see him now with flashing eyes, and hair thrown back, and again I seem to hear his earnest address, "Friends, Romans, Countrymen, Lend me Your Ears." We thought he would be a great orator, a lawyer or perhaps even a Senator, but he did not fulfill the promise of his youth. Then there was the dunce of the school, who with vacant face and twirling fingers tried in vain to repeat "On Linden When the Sun was Low," provoking the ridicule of his class-mates. But if the girls were not allowed to speak, they could always beat the boys on composition. Besides the usual flowery essay on spring, friendship, &c., we had some more ambitious themes as "Memories of a Former State of Existence," "Dreams from a Psychological Point of View," &c., most of which, I dare say, were echoes of our reading but still showed more thought than usual. No doubt you will smile when you contrast our crude efforts with your studies of "Macbeth" and Shylock, or your analysis of "The House of the Seven Gables," or other celebrated works of fiction, but remem-

ber that we had not the teaching of your excellent professor of English Literature and Composition. We were not taught to analyze or criticize the books we read, indeed we read none in school unless you except "Cowpers's Task" and "Thompson's Seasons," which we were required to parse word for word. Books were then expensive and few had found their way to the small town where I lived. A few histories or books of travel, Shakespeare, Byron, Milton and Coleridge, with Scott's novels were the books I had to read. I remember few children's books. Miss Edgeworth's are really the only ones I can recall.

When I was in my fifteenth year my father decided to send me to the Packer Collegiate Institute, of Brooklyn, L. I. This was a large, well regulated school with a fine faculty, a good library and well equipped laboratory. The school was graded much as the Normal is, but took in all ages from five to twenty. School hours were divided into regular periods and everything moved in an orderly, systematic manner. Only forty girls were received in the boarding-house connected with the college. This was well conducted by the principal and his wife, and came nearer combining the comfort of home-life with the necessary discipline of a boarding school than any school I have ever known.

No unnecessary restrictions were put upon us. We were treated as ladies, and there were few cases where this liberty was abused. Only two girls occupied each room. The rooms were furnished neatly with every comfort usual at that time.

I entered the Junior Class and spent parts of two pleasant years there. They might have been much more profitable but for one serious mistake I made. Students were not limited to a certain number of periods. Being ambitious I tried to do too much with the usual result of doing nothing really well. Besides the usual Junior course in English, Latin and Mathematics, I took French, Drawing and Music, the latter requiring two hours of daily practice. There was no moment of my waking hours unoccupied, except on the Sabbath. No time for exercise in the open air, except an occasional shopping trip, or visit to some friend of my father. A delicate, sensitive girl among strangers, with no one to restrain me, it was not strange that as warm weather approached my health failed—always subject to nervous headaches—I was now almost in a state of nervous prostration. Twice I was obliged to leave school for this cause and finally had to give up my hope of graduation. The next year I concluded to make a special study of French and Music, and

entered Madame Canda's French School in New York. For that purpose it answered very well. Excellent music teachers were provided. There were English teachers for the younger pupils. As I had nothing to do with that department, I cannot say anything of the course of study. The older girls were required to recite everything in French and to speak it at all times except a fifteen minute's recess during school hours and the last half hour before retiring. We studied French history, both ancient and modern, Rhetoric, French Literature and Composition, with lessons in reading aloud and translations in both English and French. For instance, we were given Milton's Paradise Lost to translate into French. You can imagine the result. Perhaps it was as much a failure to endeavor to render Racine, Moliere or Corneille into English, but it did not so shock our ideas of the fitness of things. Monsieur and Madame were natives of France, always pleasant, with polished manners. They tried faithfully to converse with us on the topics of the day—especially at the dinner-table. The table was furnished with plenty of good, wholesome food, well cooked and nicely served. Some of the domestic arrangements were very objectionable to me, but I believe they are still observed in Convent schools and are probably due to the French system. On entering the school our trunks were unpacked by the Matron, and the contents locked up in closets of which she kept the keys. On Saturdays she gave out such clothes as were needed through the week—at no other times were we permitted to get any of our clothes. We passed our time in two school rooms on the second floor. There were two rows of desks in these rooms. Each girl had a desk and a chair. There was no other furniture but chairs for the governesses, and a stove. In the front room was a kind of rostrum, where Mr. Canda presided over the Senior Classes. There were forty girls and they slept in three dormitories with a teacher in each room. These were on the third floor, while the fourth floor was fitted up as a dressing-room. Along the walls were narrow closets with hooks where we hung the garments worn during the day, and also kept our dressing gowns and slippers. After study hour at night, we were marched up to this room, where we disrobed and donned our night-robes and dressing-gowns, then we marched back to the second floor where we slept. In the morning we made our beds before returning to the dressing-room. Around this room were rows of washstands containing bowl and pitcher with a shelf for toilet articles, and a place underneath for shoes. Between the two rooms were large closets to which were brought every night by the servants, large tubs of hot and cold

water, so that each girl could take a full bath once a week. On Sundays, after dressing, we were marched into the school-rooms, where we had prayers, then to the dining-room in the basement where we sat during that part of the day we spent in the house. At 10:30 we went to a small room on the first floor, where we found our bonnets and cloaks and there we replaced them when we returned from church. All the Protestant girls were required to attend the Episcopal church, except when in stormy weather, they went to a Collegiate Dutch Reformed church near the school. After supper discipline was relaxed, we were allowed to converse with each other in English.

Sometimes Madame would tell us of her life in France or relate the sad story of the death of her only child—a lovely girl who was killed by being thrown from a carriage as she was returning from a party on her eighteenth birth-day. Her monument in Greenwood is still one of the show-pieces in that handsome cemetery. In justice I must say that no attempt was made to proselyte. The school was a business investment, and that would have ruined it. It was strictly a fashionable, finishing school. The standard of scholarship was low, but every attention was given to manners and deportment. Discipline was strict and unrelaxed. A teacher or governess was always with us. Our daily exercise of a half hour's walk was taken under their supervision. This constant watching was very trying to girls accustomed to an independent life. But so far as I know they were always just and kind. Only once did we complain. When Rachel was playing in New York the Senior Class was very anxious to see her, though the tickets cost $10, but Monsieur and Madame did not care to be troubled with a set of school girls, and our request was refused, to our lasting regret.

I have perhaps been too minute but I wished the girls of the Normal to contrast our privileges, or rather the want of them, with theirs. The management of boarding schools has improved in many ways, as well as the system of teaching. A student in our graded schools now has better advantages than we had in our best private schools. They should excel us in every particular, yet many of the men and women of that day can still compare favorably with the graduates of the modern schools, in general information and culture. We were well grounded in spelling, grammar, arithmetic and languages. The memory was well cultivated but not the perceptive faculties, and our knowledge of the sciences was limited. Is not this the difference between the old times and the new? Then only the studious few

gained a good education and that with much effort and expense, while now it is made easy and within the reach of all.

What may we not expect for our good old North State, when the influence of the young people now in her many institutions of learning is felt in her schools and in society?

THE FAULT OF THE AGE.

The fault of the age is a mad endeavor
To leap to heights that were made to climb;
By a burst of strength, one thought most clever,
We plan to forestall and outwit Time.

We scorn to wait for the thing worth having
We want high noon at the day's dim dawn;
We find no pleasure in toiling and saving,
As our forefathers did in the old times gone.

We force our roses, before their season
To bloom and blossom for us to wear;
And then we wonder and ask the reason
Why perfect buds are so few and rare.

We crave the gain, but despise the getting;
We want wealth, not as reward, but dower;
And the strength that is wanted is useless fretting
Would fell a forest or build a tower.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in New York Journal.

THE STORY OF A MODEL.

N. M.

The galleries are thrown open with the finest collection of the season. Here were Corots and Daubignys breathing the sunshine, or the shade and quiet of summer days, and canvases by Fromentin, Delacroix, Millet and a hundred other great artists ; truly this is a feast for the eye and intellect.

It is after five, and the large rooms are crowded. Before a Corot or a Rousseau we see the probable purchaser, a fine-looking old man. He stands, hat in hand, calmly contemplating a picture which will be agreeable on the wall of his library and add its part to the refinement of his home. Here a beautiful woman passes from one great masterpiece to another, daintily enjoying each, and seeking one which in coloring will harmonize with the bewitching hangings of her boudoir. There stands a corpulent old gentleman, a retired merchant ; eyeglass in hand he peers into each picture as if he may thus judge of its value and quality just as in the old days he used to buy sheeting. Busy men hurry in, bringing their practical business ideas to help them appreciate art and to select suitable gems for the new houses building up town.

At this hour the art students have left their easels to spend the last moments of daylight studying successful artistic efforts. Yonder stand a knot of fresh-looking girls admiring this bit of color, or the masterly drawing of Delacroix, and anon stroll youths stamped with a would-be artistic air. As we catch words of contemptous criticism for the patient touches of Gerome or for the drawing of another great artist, the wish to strangle them becomes very strong, still they are young and the majority after a few years of dabbling will settle into poor business men. 'Tis only the strong and the humble spirit which endures.

Again, there are knots of dealere, speculating on the range of prices and the number of bidders; then the ubiquitous reporter, note book in hand. You have seen it all, the fleeting, varying, crowding throng, with its quota of well-dressed, modest folks, who come to enjoy, not buy, for fortune has not given the money to buy art treasures, but instead appreciation, and they enjoy while they can.

The gas jets flame out brightly on this motley crowd, all gay, unthinking, con-

tent; pretty women, charming as the roses and violets they wear mid their velvets and furs; society men who care nothing for pictures and more for a word or a smile from these dainty queens of society, in their Paris gowns, than for all the artists who have worked and suffered.

The light flames, too, on a face and a figure in odd, pathetic contrast to its companions and surroundings. Even the pictures in their burnished frames seem to look coldly on this devotee at their shrine. Only a tall, gaunt old man, in rusty brown clothes, and heavy, unpolished boots. 'Tis a figure often seen in the mountains but unusual in a city. The frame is of such massive and loose construction that the man seems a giant among these city men, in their dark clothes, shining boots and silk hats. A bandana is knotted about his throat, and in one hand a large felt sombrero, the same brown green of his clothes—the tint which age and wear give rather than the dyer. Above towers the grand head, with its covering of thick grey hair, hanging low in the neck, and curling under completely hides the ears. Such a strong, longing face, with prominent cheek bones, and dark eyes gleaming under bushy eyebrows. A thin grey beard covers the lower part of the face. Just such a head as the old masters loved to paint; that form and face, once seen, can never be mistaken.

A second scene arises; the same old man, with long, unbuttoned overcoat, standing motionless, in the midst of thirty or forty young people, each one intent on a bust before him, turning it and touching it, here and there. Yes, 'tis a face and figure well known in the studios and schools of the city.

Two art students pass the old man, in his slow walk round the gallery, and our doubts are set at rest by the chance words of their conversation, "Why hello, Stephens, there's the old costume model, Krondel. What's he doing here?" "Likes the trade, I guess. Oh, they say he used to be an artist." "Humph, fine artist, I should say," and on thoughtlessly they go out into the avenue.

A woman, hearing these words, turns her lorgnette languidly towards the old model who moves with the slow stillness, peculiar to those who have posed for years. He pauses before a small dark canvas, effective as a foil, to a brilliant Ziem, perchance, but with the stippled effect of old mediocre work and with the dull dreariness of modern Roman art stamped in its coloring. Mrs. Von Stägen wonders what he sees to admire or attract his attention there. With wrapped, fixed gaze he deers into the dusty depths, a second later he turns pale, the tall frame trembles, he

falls, but no, one of the attendants catches his arm roughly. "What's up old man, come, you must get out of this."

Krondel shakes himself free and mutters, "Nothing, 'tis nothing, a little dizzy from the light, it will pass," and goes out through the fast thinning crowd, past the Millets, Daubignys and Corots, in their handsome frames, into the avenue where carriages and cabs roll by, into the unheeding human tide. The bare branches of the trees in the square are blue against the rose of an evening sky. Over to the east side and down many weary blocks the old man stalks, to a querulous woman who depends on him for food.

Mrs. Von Stägen stands with her lorgnette closed, wrapped in her furs and the roses nodding with the rise and fall of her bosom, before the dark old canvas where Krondel had well nigh fallen, forgetful of all the friends around, of the men who wait to show her to her carriage, until the attendants lower the gas, the gallaries are in gloom and even Jeanne d'Arc and her visions are lost, for this picture painted in the old style is signed "Krondel, Rome, 1853."

The dark old canvas has found a purchaser.

IN GLAD CONTENT.

BY F. L. STANTON.

The world, they say, is gettin' old an' weary
as can be;
But write me down as sayin' it's good enough
for me!
It's good enough with all it's grief, its pleas-
ure, an' its pain;
An' there's a ray of sunshine for every drop
o' rain!

They stumble in the lonesome dark, they cry
for light to see;
But write me down as sayin' it's light enough
for me!
It's light enough to lead us on from where we
faint an' fall,
An' the hiltop nearest heaven wears the
brightest crown o' all!

They talk about the fadin' hopes that mock
the years to be;
But write me down as sayin' there's hope
enough for me!
Over the old world's wailin' the sweetest
music swells;
In the stormiest night I listen an' hear the
bells—the bells!

This world o' God's is brighter than we ever
dream or know;
Its burdens growin' lighter—an' it's Love
that makes 'em so!
An' I'm thankful that I'm livin' where Love's
blessedness I see,
'Neath a heaven that's forgivin', where the
bells ring "Home" to me!

THE "STOP-THE-WAR" MOVEMENT AND ANGLO-SAXON SUPREMACY.

CHARLES L. VAN NOPPEN.

Many persons are under the impression that the present war of Great Britain in South Africa has the unanimous support of all her subjects and that she has a just cause for war. That such is not the case is clearly evident from the following remarkable appeal, which has been scattered broadcast throughEngland in the form of leaflets, handbills and posters.

The Committee having the "Stop-the-War" movement in charge is composed of the ablest and most influential of Her Majesty's subjects—such as Sir Edward Clarke, Rev. Herbert Gladstone, W. T. Stead, Labouchere, and many others, while they have as their supporters many of the clergy, educators and thousands of citizens who compose the more intelligent and serious minded minority. Those who love justice and honor, above the iniquitious greed for land and money, which is so clearly characterized in this war and who see only too clearly the awful consequences to which it will lead. The appeal reads as follows :

TO OUR FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN :

WE APPEAL TO YOU TO STOP THE WAR.

It is an unjust war which ought never to have been provoked. It is a war in which we have nothing to gain everything to lose.

To "put it through" merely because we are in it is to add crime to crime.

AND ALL FOR WHAT?

Why are our sons and brothers killing and being killed in South Africa? Why are happy homes made desolate, wives widowed, and children left fatherless?

LET US FACE THE FACTS!

There would have been no war if we had consented to arbitration, which President Kruger begged for, but which we haughtily refused.

There would have been no war if the government had counted the cost.

There would have been no war if the capitalists at the gold fields had not hoped it would reduce wages and increase dividends.

There would have been no war but for the campaign of lies to make men mad against the Boers.

And Who Are the Boers?

The Boers are the Dutch of South Africa, white men and Protestant Christians like ourselves.

They read the same Bible, keep the same Sabbath and pray to the same God as ourselves.

They believe they are fighting for freedom and fatherland, with the unanimous support of Europe except Turkey.

What Are We Fighting For?

We have been at war for three months, thousands have been killed and wounded, but to this day neither side knows what the other is fighting for. Each side asserts that the other is fighting for something which the other denies that it wants.

Why Not Call a Truce?

We might then get to know for the first time what is the real difference between us. And when we had in black and white what each side wants, we should then be able to see what could be done to arrange matters.

If we could not agree on a settlement then we ought to refer the difference to arbitration.

If We "Put it Through," What Does it Mean?

The sacrifice of the lives of 20,000 of our brave sons.

The slaughter of at least as many brave Boers.

Hard times for the poor at home.

Dislocation of trade.

The increase of taxation.

The waste of £100,000,000 of our hard-earned money, and in the end CONSCRIPTION!

Is the Game Worth the Candle?

If we wade through blood to hoist the Union Jack at Pretoria our difficulties will then only have begun.

We shall have conquered a people we cannot govern.

If we try to govern them against their will we shall have to keep 50,000 soldiers in their country.

WE DO NOT WANT ANOTHER IRELAND IN SOUTH AFRICA, THEREFORE WE APPEAL TO YOU TO STOP THE WAR AND STOP IT NOW!

Signed on behalf of the "Stop-the-war committee."

JOHN CLIFFORD, D. D.,
Chairman of General Committee.
SILAS K. HOCKING,
Chairman of Executive.
W. M. CROOK, *Hon. Sec.*

Surely every fair-minded person will admit that if this "appeal" is an honest statement, then England ought to be roundly condemned and every real student of the question who has not been steeped in prejudice cannot but admit its moderate tone. An extravagant appeal would have been prejudicial to its own end.

Let us analyze a few of the above sentences which contain multum in parvo.

"It is an unjust war which should never have been provoked."

It is unjust because the 1884 Treaty gave the Transvaal complete independence, England retaining only the privilege of vetoing treaties made with foreign powers other than the Orange Free State.

This independence has never been questioned by any nation, but fully recognized in several ways as follows: By change of name from Transvaal Government to South African Republic; by full diplomatic intercourse with other nations; by being admitted to membership in the Postal Union and also in the Geneva convention. And even Chamberlain admitted this independence in a speech in Parliament in 1896 when he condemned the Jameson raid, saying that it brought about a bad state of feeling with an "independent nation" with which England was at peace.

This war thus far is a part of a three act drama.

The first act was played in 1889 when a charter was granted to a ring of speculators and when Imperial rule allied itself with the speculations of the stock market. In 1895 came the second act when this same chartered band failed in their notorious Jameson raid.

And now after a long campaign of lies—virulent and slanderous in the extreme against the best governed mining camp in the world—we see Rhodes & Company

—with the assistance of his political allies, Chamberlain, Milner and others, bring about the third act in a most bloody and unholy conflict. If the Boer has been cautious and hesitating in extending great freedom to the Uitlanders, it is only because of this open hostility which has always confronted him.

"There would have been no war if the capitalists at the gold field had not hoped it would reduce wages and increase dividends."

In explanation of this, let me say that one of the grievances of the capitalist is that the Kaffirs, who are employed in the Kimberly diamond mines (British territory) at one-fourth the wages a white man will work for, is not permitted by the Boers to be employed in the gold mines in the Transvaal, thereby giving employment to the thousands of laboring Uitlanders and maintaining white supremacy. And it is a very significant fact that all the Uitlanders, except the British and many of the latter who are not under capitalistic control are with the Boer in his battle for freedom to-day. Just a year ago a list of 21,000 signatures of Uitlanders was sent to Chamberlain praying for a relief of certain so-called grievances. This list has been proven to be largely a forged list of names, inspired by capitalists. However, to offset its evil influence a list of 23,000 genuine Uitlander signatures, among which were several thousand British names, was sent to Chamberlain, stating that the difficulties in the Transvaal would easily settle themselves if they were left alone, and praying Great Britain not to interfere. Yet the 21,000 list was heeded and the 23,000 list consigned to the waste basket. Does it not seem as if there was some understanding between Rhodes and Chamberlain?

These grievances what were they? "Taxation without representation." Certainly a fine plea to catch sympathy with, but absolutely unwarranted by fact.

The Boer required a nine years residence and the forswearing of one's foreign allegiance to attain citizenship—so it is not taxation without representation as alleged—but the Britishers want citizenship on five years residence and the retaining of his British allegience.

In the United States we tax the British subject or any other foreigner for five years without representation and demand that he give up his foreign allegiance, otherwise he is never admitted to citizenship. And I have been informed that it requires 12 years residence and the forswearing of ones allegiance to become a citizen of England.

"Excessive Taxation." This so-called excessive taxation is only 2½ per cent.

of the profits on industries that pay from 100 to 600 per cent. dividend annually —yet the capitalist says nothing when his brother capitalist charges him 50 per cent. of his profits for the privilege of working part of his mining claim.

"Monopolies," yes the government does control dynamite and makes 100 per cent. profit on it, yet Great Britain has a monopoly in the opium trade which pays her 300 per cent. profit, still nobody dreams of making war on England, even though her traffic does debauch the manhood of China, Japan, India, and many of her own subjects.

"Privileges granted to a favored few." How about Crokerism and Plattism in New York, and many similar patronages in England?

The failure to have the English language taught in the Boer public schools. Why does not England allow Dutch to be taught in the Cape Colony schools where the Dutch are in the majority? Yet all these so-called "grievances" the Boers wanted to have arbitrated—but Great Britain refused unless she be allowed to appoint the whole court.

And when the Boers, rather than have war, agreed to yield to all of England's demands, she then demanded—that they should also give up their independence and say they had never been independent. This was too much and war was the consequence.

What will be the result? I believe that the two Republics will maintain their independence to the bittter end. And if in this present war it should be wrested from them, it would only be temporary, as that indomitable spirit which has characterized the Dutch for centuries in his battles for freedom, will not submit to the tyranny of an unjust oppression and will rise again, and again—until he will have redeemed his land from the greedy lust of its inhuman despoiler.

However, the longer the war continues—and it is by no means over yet—the greater becomes the chance of foreign complications, which will force England to divide her armed strength and which will then mean the loss to her of all of South Africa.

Such a consumation is to be desired—for then we would see a United States of South Africa—similar to our own government, whose people would also be a combinaton of Dutch, French, German, English, Irish and Scotch manhood.

It would also mean a triumph for republican institutions, a victory of the people, and for the people. It would mean another glorious land where justice and

equality with no class favoritism would be emphasized and individuality find its fullest expression.

If any one thinks that the Dutch are not capable of self-government or that they are not originators in government, he forgets that Holland was the first real Republic in the world and that Washington, Franklin and other founders of our glorious Republic paid high tributes to her influence. It may surprise some to learn that from the Dutch we have directly and indirectly borrowed:

1. The principle that "all men are created equal."
2. Separation of church and State.
3. Freedom of religion.
4. Local self-government.
5. Written constitutions.
6. Our common school system.
7. Freedom of the press.
8. The secret written ballot.
9. The right of counsel for defense.
10. Our Supreme Court and supremacy of the judiciary.
11. Our State Senates and National Senate.
12. Our State Governors and National President.

This is answer enough to the calumnies spread by British sympathizers.

Besides the nation which has given to the world a Grotius, the father of International Law, and whose precepts are still the guide of nations, certainly does not need a Rhodes and a Chamberlain to define its political status.

As for that sentimental cry of Anglo-Saxon rule, have those people who raised it considered that the Boer is the original unconquered Saxon, whom Ceasar failed to conquer; who crossed the English channel from Holland and became the dominating force in England; who stood in Holland as the great bulwark of religious toleration and political freedom for eighty long years against Spain, and all Europe and England combined, thus preserving to the world and for civilization the greatest heritage of man. Besides this, God in His All Wise Providence has ordained that different nationalities and races have their work to perform. There is a work for China and for Japan, for Russia, Germany, France, England, Holland and the rest, and for any one nationality to thus arrogate to itself the supreme controlling force of the world even to the destruction of another nation, is usurping the power

of an Omnipotent Creator, who will not suffer His plans to be so easily disturbed, and in punishment will inflict a vengeance that will stand as a lesson to the world.

I think it will be best for England's future prestige and glory to lose this war —for then she will seek to husband her strength at home, and devote her future energies to the arts of peace and commerce. Besides she will be forever rid of a most vexatious and costly effort, viz: to keep a vast colony of unsympathetic Caucasian subjects, in subjection whom she would only be able to rule by means of a large standing army. And even then, to lose them ultimately.

For many forget that because of this unholy war England has forever alienated all the Cape Colony Dutch who number about 700,000 and who are greatly in the majority and in sympathy with their brethren farther north.

God grant that the war may be speedily ended and that justice and righteousness may triumph.

Greensboro, N. C., March 9th, 1900.

EDITORIALS.

The Re-opening. Last October The State Normal and Industrial College began its eighth year with brighter prospects than ever before. Not only were all the students present who were expected, but forty additional boarders who were not expected put in their appearance. It is usual for a number of the applicants who have won appointments to board in the dormitories to give up those appointments just at the last moment, and, therefore, in order to be sure that the dormitories will be full at the beginning of each college year it has been customary to issue a number of extra appointments. This plan has worked very well until this year, when only six of those who held the regular appointments or extra appointments failed to come. In order to accommodate the extra number of boarders without crowding the dormitories more than usual three houses just across the streets from the College grounds were rented and used for dormitory purposes, all of the boarders in these houses taking their meals in the College dining-room.

A large delegation from the Senior Class kindly gave to new students their places in the dormitories and occupied the most distant of the newly rented houses —a generous action which deserves recording and remembering.

During the month of October the health record of the students as shown by the class rolls and daily reports of the resident physician was better than it had ever been for the same month in any year.

It will be remembered that on Friday night, November 3rd, the two literary societies initiated their new members, and the societies gave rather eleborate receptions with refreshments in honor of the occasion. Two weeks from that day, Novemher 17th, was the last day of College work before the suspension on account of the epidemic of fever. These two events and dates indicate how sharp and sudden must have been the blow with the results of which the people of the state are familiar.

With sorrowful hearts the students departed for their homes, not in a panic of excitement, but with dignity and self-possession. Their general bearing was such as to inspire general confidence in their College. At no time during the trying

period which followed the suspension, when there were many unjust and exasperating criticisms of their College and its management, and when many even of the friends of the College excitedly warned students against returning, did their loyalty waver or their steadiness of nerve desert them.

The students knew the real conditions better than any others could know them. They are not a group of excitable children. Their average age is nearly twenty years, and one-third of them had taught school before marticulating at this College. It is, therefore, not surprising that three-fourths of the students should have returned when the College re-opened on January 30th. It was stated a few weeks after the suspension that about three-fourths of the students would return. Of course, this statement was made upon the authority of the students, and because of the confidence in their good sense and loyalty to their College.

The small-pox excitement, which was at its height in Greensboro at the date settled upon for the re-opening, prevented the return of a number of students, but these have either come in since or will re-enter next fall.

All things considered, the state may well congratulate itself that at its college for the education of its women, preparing them for the work of educating others, it has a body of students who do not lose their heads in the midst of panic and excitement around them, and who are sensible enough and brave enough to stand by what they believe to be right in spite of calamity and criticism.

The Students' Building.

The MAGAZINE wishes to endorse most heartily the following appeal :

In view of the great need for society halls and rooms for the Young Women's Christian Association, and in view of the present inability of the Board of Directors to provide the same, the students of The State Normal and Industrial College have determined, with the aid of friends, to erect a building for these purposes. Committees from the Adelphian and and Cornelian societies took charge of the enterprise about a year ago. Their first idea was to erect a building at a cost of three thousand dollars, but they concluded that it would be unwise to place so temporary a structure among the growing improvements of the College. It was decided, therefore, that the building should cost at least ten thousand dollars, and that it should contain two halls of sufficient capacity for the literary societies, a hall and reading room for the

Young Women's Christian Association, and an office for The State Normal Magazine. The intention is to fit up the third story with cots as a temporary dormitory for the convenience of former students who may attend commencement. *It is peculiarly the students' building.*

As soon as this plan was matured, the committees set to work to raise the money. About thirteen hundred dollars was subscribed by the Faculty and an equal sum by the students then at the College. An appeal was then made to the former students of the institution, each of whom the committee felt must be interested, not only on account of the purposes for which the building is to be used, but also because of her pride in making a success of this undertaking, the first of the kind among the women of our State. There were a number of liberal responses to this appeal both by former students and by a few other friends of the College. Altogether more than four thousand dollars has been subscribed.

The individual subscriptions have ranged in amount from fifty cents to one hundred dollars as follows :

10	subscribers	at	$100.00	each $1000.00
7	"	"	50.00	" 350.00
2	"	"	40.00	" 80.00
1	"	"	35.00	" 35.00
1	"	"	30.00	" 30.00
12	"	"	25.00	" 300.00
12	"	"	20.00	" 240.00
4	"	"	15.00	" 60.00
72	"	"	10.00	" 720.00
112	"	"	5.00	" 560.00
210	"	"	less than $5.00	each 403.00
From other sources				325.00
Making a total of				$4103.00

The committees hope for a contribution from every woman who has at any time been a student here. Certainly every former student will desire to have at least a few cents in the Student's Building. The committees urge each student and former student to endeavor to secure at least one additional subscriber from among the men and women of the State who are friends of the College.

The present committees hope to secure subscriptions for six thousand dollars in

addition to what has already been subscribed so that the corner-stone of the Students' Building can be laid at the approaching Commencent, and the work on the building may begin during the summer. Six thousand dollars may appear to be a large sum, but there are ninety-seven counties in North Carolina, and this College is represented in ninety-six of them. If the subscriptions from sixty of these counties should average one hundred dollars each, the total amount would be secured.

The committees believe that we ought to secure 5 subscribers at $500.00 each; 20 subscribers at $100.00 each; 10 subscribers at $50.00 each; 20 subscribers $25.00 100 subscribers at $10.00 each.

All subscriptions are payable in two equal installments—the first half on November 1st succeeding the date of subscription, and the other half one year later.

Please give all the aid you can to the committees both by your subscription and by suggestion of names to whom this appeal and other printed. matter should be sent.

Miss Wilhelmina Conrad, Greensboro, N. C., who was a member of the original committee, has been selected as treasurer of this Fund. The committees have made arrangement by which the entire fund can be invested immediately and draw 6 per cent. interest Cash subscriptions will, therefore, be doubly appreciated.

GERTRUDE JENKINS, Chairman,
MYRTIE SCARBORO,
EULA ROUSE,
Adelphian Committee.

EMMA LEWIS SPEIGHT, Chairman,
MIRIAM MCFADEN,
LAURA SANFORD,
Cornetian Committee.

The Sarah and Evelyn Bailey Fund.

The action of Mr. T. B. Bailey in establishing as a memorial "The Sarah and Evelyn Bailey Fund," a part of which is to assist in the education of worthy students of The State Normal and Industrial College, not only gratified those immediately connected with the College but touched the heart of the people of the State.

Mr. Bailey had lost both his daughters, his only children, in the typhoid fever epidemic, and Mrs. Bailey, who contracted the fever while watching at the bedside of her daughters, was still dangerously ill, but desiring that there should be a beneficiary of the fund present at the re-opening of the College, he was unwilling to postpone its establishment.

In his letter to President McIver Mr. Bailey said: "I establish this fund in memory of those who were dearer to me than life, and in grateful appreciation of your kindness and of the many attentions and loving care rendered to my dear ones by members of the faculty."

Mr. Bailey's generous action, by which he will help to educate the daughters of others, is a beautiful memorial of his own daughters, who were, in all respects, exemplary students.

Miss Sarah was a member of the junior class and Miss Evelyn of the sophomore. Both took high rank in their classes, and were active, valuable members of the religious and literary organizations of the College.

Until her last illness Miss Sarah had never been absent from a recitation or missed a college duty of any sort since her entrance in 1897.

Local History.

In this issue of our magazine appears an article on the Moravian settlement in North Carolina, written by one who so thoroughly knows and loves her subject, that it will find eager readers in all who are interested in the history, written and unwritten, of our State.

This is the third paper in a series of articles on local history which we hope to publish. The first was on the Waldensian Colony in Burke county. The second on the history of an Old Stone House in Rowan county. Feeling the need of greater interest in our own history, especially that which is preserved only by tradition, we have undertaken to gather up and preserve in our pages these records of a past so important in our civilization. In each of our older counties, and possibly in all, we know there must be places around which are gathered a number of interesting facts, for North Carolina has played by no means an unimportant part in the history of our commonwealth, especially in times of war.

We would be glad if those who are able—and there are many such—would help us to make this a success, remembering that "nothing in the past is dead to the man who could learn how the present came to be what it is."

Odd Minutes. Will there ever come a time in the school-life of girls when they are not "rushed to death"? Rarely do we meet one who thinks she has a minute in which she is not very busy. And yet, we hear so often the cry "What shall I do with my odd minutes?" There are a number of little periods during the day when one cannot settle down to study or take out door exercise. What shall we do? Shall we waste those precious minutes or use them so that they may be a pleasure and help to us now and hereafter? So much may be accomplished if we use our time systematically. We know one person who read all of Dickens' books in odd minutes at college.

There are a number of us who have access to books here which we cannot have at home and as "reading maketh a full man" let us not be satisfied to be less!

Every educated woman ought to keep up with what is going on in the world about her—certainly with those great movements which are affecting our own nation, if no more.

In our reading room we have access to the leading daily papers of our state and nation, and not only to the papers, but to our best magazines; and yet, how few there are who ever these regularly.

Shall we remain blind to our opportunities, or shall we use them as becomes citizens of a great State?

An Interesting Experiment. The effort of Rev. C. M. Sheldon to edit the "Topeka Capital" for one week as a newspaper with nothing inconsistent with Christianity in its news columns, advertising columns, or editorials deserves sympathy and encouragement.

However Mr. Sheldon may succeed in other respects, he willl at least cause conscientious editors everywhere to examine more critically the character of the matter admitted to their columns.

The first article in the first issue of Mr. Sheldon's daily is a beautiful morning prayer and resolve written by Bishop Vincent of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It is as follows:

"I will try this day to live a simple, sincere, serene life, repelling every thought of discontent, self-seeking and anxiety; cultivating magnanimity, self-control, and the habit of silence, practicing economy, cheerfulness and helpfulness.

"And as I cannot in my own strength do this or even with the hope of success attempt it, I look to Thee, O Lord, my Father, in Jesus Christ, my Savior, and ask for the gift of the Holy Spirit."

"Non Multa, Sed Multum."

"Non multa, sed multum," says the Latin proverb, and the same thought is expressed in the English "Not quantity, but quality."

Life is too short for every one to learn everything, to do everything; but every one can learn some one thing, and learn it well.

In studies, it is not how many things we learn, but how well we learn the few.

It is not by reading many master-pieces of literature, but by truly entering into the spirit of a few, that we gain culture ; not by reading many pages of Latin, but by understanding a few, we gain knowledge of the language.

In the world of letters, a man does not always become famous for writing many books, but he who has written one good book will not soon be forgotten.

In art, it is not the sculptor who has made dozens of statues, but he who has made one great one, whose name is immortal ; it is not the artist who has painted a great many ordinary pictures, but he who has painted one grand one, who is called great.

And so in life, it is not how many good deeds we do, but how true is the spirit which prompts them.

Contentment.

From our infancy up, we have been told that "Contentment is better than riches," but is it not possible that in the old adage there is an under-current of meaning which seems to imply that we may not have both ?

Taking "riches" in the broadest sense of the word to mean success in life or any of the things for which we strive and hope to obtain, many failures might be traced to this spirit of content. Our century is sometimes called "the age of unrest," and far be it from us to advocate a doctrine which would add gloom and unhappiness of the world, but perfect contentment savors of lethargy and retards progress. Most of the great movements, educational as well as social, have been led by men and women who became discontented with their surroundings, and who had an earnest desire to do something for the betterment of their fellow men.

Let us not be satisfied with anything which falls short of our ideal, but put forth the best that is in us for ourselves, our college, and humanity.

AMONG OURSELVES.

IMPROVEMENTS.

Noticeable among the late improvements in the college is the use of white enameled iron bedsteads. Double beds are no longer used and the pretty white beds with their brass mountings, together with the newly kalsomined walls and freshly painted wood-work add much to the general appearance of the dormitories.

Another change which was gladly received is the new arrangement and handsome equipment of the bath-room. There are now bath rooms on each floor of the dormitories and in lieu of the old zinc bath-tubs we have handsome new ones, porcelain lined within and without.

In speaking of dormitory improvements we cannot overlook the decided change in the appearance of the parlors. They have undergone a long desired renovation. The walls have been tinted a very light green, and with the handsome dark green moquette rugs and the new curtains, they present a decidedly improved effect which is much appreciated by the students. The hall also has a new rug.

In the college building the changes are equally as marked. Rubber matting extending throughout the halls and on the stairways greatly aid in the attainment of a quiet, long desired for this building.

Where the library used to be, there is now a spacious and nicely furnished reception room for the use of visitors, the faculty and officials of the college. It is used for faculty meetings, meetings of the Board of Directors, &c. Such a room has long been needed by the college, and we record such an improvement with great pleasure. Old students will remember that this room was primarily intended for a reception room, and that the library was placed there temporarily until more suitable arrangements could be made.

The present home of our library is a decided change for the better. The gymnasium has been literally made over, and with all the apparatus removed it has been converted into as pleasant, spacious and quiet a library as a veritable book worm could wish. The equipments are much handsomer than formerly. The old felt-covered tables have been replaced by massive tables of highly polished oak, while a number of new oak book cases have been added. Much credit is due to our libra-

rian, Miss Annie Petty, for the present arrangement of the library, with which every one is delighted.

WANTS!

Along with the story of what we have, we also wish to mention some of the things we want. We want a Students' Building. We want this exceedingly and *we are going to have it.* The literary societies, the Christian association, the students in general, and even THE MAGAZINE all feel the need of this building. The committees are working hard to obtain pledges sufficient to warrant laying the corner-stone at our next commencement. Elsewhere will be seen the report of their work.

We want a new Gymnasium. Our old gymnasium was too small, and in many ways inadequate to our needs. Our present one is too large—being "all out-doors." This spring we will not feel the need so much, as basket ball and tennis will probably claim our attention but next year we hope the systematic physical training can be resumed under more advantageous circumstances.

At last the much talked-of and long hoped for basket ball grounds and tennis courts seem to have some probability of completion.

At the first regular meeting of the Athletic association, the following officers were elected for the year:

President—Laura Sanford, '01;
First Vice President—Lizzie Howell, '00;
Second Vice President—Ida Wharton, '01;
Third Vice President—Julia Glenn, '02;
Fourth Vice President—Pearl Long, '03;
Secretary—Mamie Hines, '01;
Treasurer—Maggie Maxwell, '02.

Various committees were appointed and action was taken with a view to having the grounds prepared at once. We have already had good tennis weather and we should not miss any more of it.

One tennis court is already completed, and the basket ball grounds will be ready by the first of April.

Our dining-room is now under the supervision of Miss Kate Davis, '99. Miss Davis assists her mother, Mrs. Clara Davis, who now fills the position of matron.

Needless to say we are all delighted with the charming and efficient manner in which Miss Davis "does the honors."

On Tuesday, Feb. 27, Hon. Charles H. Mebane paid us an official visit as Superintendent of Public Instruction. He spoke to the students at Chapel exercises, a report of his speech being given elsewhere. We would be glad to have him with us more often.

Mrs. Blanche Brown, of Winston, has been spending some time at the College with her daughter, Miss Lizette Brown.

Gen. W. W. Kirkland spent the last few days of February at the College, the guest of his sister, Miss Sue May Kirkland. We had the pleasure of having him with us at chapel, but owing to ill health, he was unable to speak to us, as we had hoped.

Senior Hall is a thing of the Past! And so short a time was it in existence that we can hardly realize that it was more than a dream.

Owing to the crowded condition of the dormitories in the fall, it was found necessary to have more room and some one had to go. Then it was; in the very beginning of their seniorhood, that the seniors felt called upon to volunteer to make this sacrifice, and so a little band of fifteen, torn from the protesting arms of their room-mates, joined together and moved their household belongings to the upper rooms of the house owned by Mr. W. A. Watson. This house, it is to be remembered, fronts on the road just behind the Infirmary. Here, after we were once comfortably settled under the charge of Miss Mary Petty, we spent some of the happiest hours of our existence at the Normal.

Here it was that our numerous class meetings were held.

Here were enjoyed those never-to-be-forgotten oyster loaves sent to the class with the compliments of the clever manager of "The Elite."

Here —— but space will not permit of our enumerating the many delightful incidents connected with our sojourn there.

Can we ever forget those days! Though we are glad to be once more happily domiciled in our old homes, we will always count the few weeks spent at Senior Hall among the pleasantest experiences of our Normal life.

The Senior Class had a delightful surprise a short time ago, in the form of a fine box of Huyler's candies, shared with them by one of the most generous hearted members of the class.

ENTERTAINMENTS.

Third in the regular course of lectures for the year was the lecture on "John Bull, Sandy, and Pat," given by that famous French humorist, M. Paul Blouet, better known to us as Max O'Rell. The lecture was delivered Friday night, February 9th. The auditorium was well filled by the students and a large number of appreciative townspeople. Mr. Blouet in his inimitable manner kept the entire audience intensely interested in his characterizations of the inhabitants of the "right little, tight little island," and the frequent bursts of applause interspersed with laughter showed that he spoke to appreciative listeners. We hope he may come to us again and tell us in his own way about "Her Highness, Woman."

Somewhat as a surprise to us, came the announcement one morning that on Friday night, February 16, we might have the pleasure of hearing the Schumann Grand Concert Company here in the chapel. Owing to the short notice of the engagement, only the students were the delighted hearers of their fine programme of music and elocution.

On the evening of Friday, February 23, Mr. C. L. Van Noppen very kindly spoke to us on the subject of the Boer war. His lecture was greatly enjoyed by all who heard him. Mr. Van Noppen, being a loyal Hollander, is thoroughly at home on the subject and talks most enthusiastically and interestingly. He won the sympathy of many of his hearers for the Boers in their heroic struggle for liberty.

THE CORNELIAN PLAY—COMPLIMENTARY TO THE ADELPHIAN SOCIETY.

On Friday evening, March 2, 1900, at eight o'clock, the Adelphian Literary Society was delightfully entertained by her sister society. Our interest was heightened when on entering each was presented with a dainty program tied with Adelphian colors.

On reading the subject, "Pygmalion and Galatea," our minds at once reverted to Grecian art, or at least we attempted to recall our limited knowledge of that profound subject. We were not left long to wonder upon the nature of the play, but were introduced at once into Pygmalion's studio. Here we soon found ourselves sympathizing with him in his yearning desire to create living flesh and blood from his marble.

The complications, which arose upon the realization of this desire, kept the audience in suspense, relieved only by the intensely amusing expressions of the

innocent Galatea. When these were resolved, by the return of Galatea to marble, we could rejoice with Pygmalion in the restoration of happiness to the whole family.

We would not attempt to give the outline in full and do justice to each one in the rendition of her character, but have simply followed the main thought in the story. The following is the caste of characters :

Pygmalion, a sculptor in Athens . . . . . B. Folsom
Chrysos, an art patron . . . . . L. Brown
Leucippe, a soldier . . . . . W. Conrad
Mimos, Pygmalion's slave . . . . . L. Keathley
Agesimas, Chrysos' slave . . . . . M. Cobb
Galatea, an animated statue . . . . . Laura Sanford
Cynisca, Pygmalion's wife . . . . . Ida Wharton
Daphne, Chrysos' wife . . . . . Mary S. Munroe
Myrine, Pygmalion's sister . . . . . Sue Nash

It is sufficient to say that the Cornelians acquitted themselves in their usual perfect style, and when the marble lips of Galatea bade farewell to the audience, we dispersed sounding aloud the praises of the fair actresses.

MYRTIE SCARBORO.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

On Sunday evening services have been well attended this year, and we have been fortunate in having the following leaders :

February 11—Rev. C. E. Hodgin, Greensboro, N. C.

February 18—Rev. A. D. Thaeler, Winston, N. C.

February 25—Dr. Charles D. McIver.

March 4—Rev. J. D. Miller, Greensboro, N. C.

March 11—Rev. George H. Crowell, Supt. High Point Graded Schools.

New hymnals have been purchased for the Association choir which has recently been organized, and the singing is much improved.

ALUMNÆ AND OTHERS.

Miss Kate Hill is now at Peace Institute.

Miss Fannie Freeman is teaching near Wilson.

Miss Sallie McMurray is teaching near Charlotte.

Miss Esther Tripp is teaching near Aurora, N. C.

Miss Ferdie Clark is at school in Hickory, N. C.

Miss Susie Brickell has a private school in Weldon.

Miss Blanche Pickard is at her home in Chapel Hill.

Miss Sallie Myers is at school in Chocowinity, N. C.

Miss Allie Cutchin is at her home in Whitakers, N. C.

Miss Annabel Mayo is teaching near Rocky Mount, N. C.

Miss Fannie Allen Copeland is at her home in Statesville.

Miss Fannie McClees, '99, is teaching at Vandermere, N. C.

Miss Lucy Bullock is teaching a private school at Townsville, N. C.

Miss Cora Hill has charge of a public school at Ransomville, N. C.

Miss Mattie Mayo is now at her home, Epworth, Edgecomb county.

Miss Nannie Battle has a position in the Randleman Graded School.

Miss Susie Dalton is teaching a private school near Madison, N. C.

Miss Alice Rendleman is now at Elizabeth College, Charlotte, N. C.

Miss Margaret Plonk is at the Commercial College of Shelby, N. C.

Miss Belle Walser is now at the Baptist College of Murfresboro, N. C.

Miss Amelia White is teaching near her home in Perquimans county.

Miss Mamie McGehee, '98, is teaching near Madison, in a public school.

Miss Hattie Strachan is teaching a public school at Durham's Creek, N. C.

Miss Hattie Berry, '97, has charge of a public school near Hillsboro, N. C.

Miss Josephine Perry has entered the Southern College, Bowling Green, Va.

Misses Frances and Mary Lou Eskridge are teaching in the Shelby Graded Schools.

Miss Ada Wall is now at her home in Boyd, N. C. Her school there has recently closed.

Misses Mary Cator, Bessie Boyd, Lizette Brown and Elise Sheppard were also guests at the same function.

Miss Flossie Byrd has a position in the public schools of Harnett county. Her address is Buie's Creek, N. C.

Miss Margaret Cromartie, who could not return to the college on account of her health, is at her home in Clarkton.

Miss Mamie Hambright has a position as bookkeeper for the Cherokee Falls Manufacturing Co., Cherokee Falls, N. C.

Miss Fodie M. Buie has a very pleasant position in the Department of Justice. Her address is 941 O. street N. W., Washington, D. C.

Misses Mary and Ruth Battle are at their home in Whitakers. Miss Mary Battle, who has been in very delicate health, is much better now.

Misses Iola Exum, '97, and Mary Dail are teaching at Snow Hill. Miss Dail was at the Normal the first year it was opened, and was the first girl to make a payment here.

Misses Rosalind Sheppard, '99, and Talulah DeRossett were in Greensboro for the Holt-Settle wedding and all made brief visit to the college greatly to the delight of their many friends.

MARRIAGES.

Newbold–Wooten—On Wednesday, February 28, at 8:00 p. m., Miss Mabel Wooten and Mr. Nathan C. Newbold were married in the Christian church of La Grange, N. C. Miss Wooten graduated from the Normal in 1895.

Cox–Creason—Miss Lucy Creason and Mr. A. T. Cox, of Cedar Falls, were married in Worthville, at nine o'clock Thursday evening, January 11, from the residence of the bride's uncle, Mr. Hal. M. Worth.

Ramsaur–Eskridge—Miss Jessie Eskridge was married to Mr. Walter Ramsaur, of Shelby, in December. The happy pair spent ten days in the north just after their marriage.

Holt–Settle—On Wednesday evening, March 7, at the residence of Dr. W. P. Beall, in Greensboro, Miss Julia Settle and Mr. Ernest Holt, of Burlington, were united in marriage by Rev. J. D. Miller of the Episcopal church. Many relatives and friends of the two families witnessed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Holt have gone for an extended visit to Northern cities. We are pleased to learn that they will make their home in Greensboro.

Young–Gill—Miss Celestia Gill, '97, and Mr. Isaac Young, of Henderson, were married January 1, 1900, at 6 p. m., in Plank Chapel, Henderson, N. C. Immediately after the ceremony a reception was given at the home of the groom, after which they took the train north, where they spent fifteen days.

Bryant–Sumner—Miss Eva C. Sumner, of Charlotte, but formerly of Lincolnton, was married in St. Luke's Episcopal church, Lincolnton, to Mr. H. E. C. Bryant, of Charlotte, on Thursday evening, February 1, at six o'clock. Immediately after the ceremony, the guests and friends of the young couple repaired to the home of Judge W. A. Hoke, the bride's uncle, where a reception was held. After a delightful evening, Mr. and Mrs. Bryant left for a bridal trip to New York and other cities.

OBITUARY.

Died February 5, 1900, at her home in Greensboro, after some months illness, of consumption, Margaret Perry Milam, aged 16 years, 5 months.

Maggie was among the first pupils to attend the Practice School when it was established in 1895. She left at the age of thirteen to nurse a sick sister and later had an illness which kept her from school till she entered the State Normal and Industrial College last October. Maggie was peculiarly a child of the Normal and so loyal was she to her Alma Mater that her one cross was the ill health that kept her from school.

Pure and gentle in heart, bright in mind, lovely in person, her presence was a delight unalloyed to those whose lives she blessed. During her long illness her chief care was not to give trouble to the dear sister who was to her as a mother.

Maggie did not show her inner life, and those about her could not realize the earnest purpose which shaped her course. After the sod had closed over her body, her journal was found. Here were told her heart longings, ambitions, hopes. The last entry was a prayer, a prayer for patience and for the power to do what was hoped for in her life.

So fragile a flower could but bend gently when the reaper passed her way. None but pleasant memories linger about her name. It is not hard to feel that the angel who beautifies the gardens above, needed this sweet flower and that her fair face looks upon the Father in ever renewing happiness.

EXCHANGES.

The exchanges received this year have been up to the usual standard—some of the articles have been remarkably good. The historical sketches present one particularly pleasing feature of their contents. The college magazine is peculiarly adapted to preserving bits of local history, and holding before the people the figures of the great men that have upheld this State during the different stages of her development.

The January number of the "North Carolina University Magazine" contains two good sketches of great North Carolinians: "Giles Mebane," and "Thomas H. Bentons." Giles Mebane was prominent in our State affairs for some time, while Thomas H. Benton is a good example of the great men North Carolina has given to other states. The article entitled "A Dead Language—Who Killed It?" is exceedingly well written, and strikes a sympathetic chord in the hearts of those who have endured the rule—or should we say *rules?*—of the Latin grammar. "Romanne" doesn't leave us in doubt as to his idea of who killed the dead language.

The Davidson College Magazine is always good—but one word about the story in the January number, entitled, "The Red Angel." It is very pretty, but it lacks color, it lacks movement; and too much space is given to inconsequential details. This is the most common fault in college magazine stories. The characters do not act. We do not recognize in them enough likeness to our own flesh and blood.

"The Buff and Blue" for February comes to us in a very attractive new cover. "Milton and the Revolution" is a well written article, and portrays excellently this phase of Milton's character. The fiction is not so good. "A Story of a Valentine Sent Thirty Years Ago" has rather a pretty theme to begin with, but it is poorly developed—the strong points are not sufficiently emphasized.

The Erskinian has made a brave effort to favor us with a song in the February number—douhtless at the request of the exchange editor. The verses are very bright, and could pass muster with most of those found in college magazines. The best article is "A Flying Trip to the Moon." The imaginative power of the writer is duly appreciated.

In one or two of the exchanges we have noticed several errors in spelling and grammar. The editors will doubtless be like the little boy who said to his mother, "'Twasn't me, 'twas 'e cat;" though of course the college editor would say, "It was not I, it was the printers." If the cap fits the printers, let him wear it; but if not, the editor should don it at once.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

APPLIED MATHEMATICS.

"My daughter," and his voice was stern,
"You must set this matter right;
What time did the Sophomore leave,
Who sent in his card last night?"

"His work was pressing, father dear,
And his love for it was great;
He took his leave and went away
Before a quarter of eight."

Then a twinkle came to her bright blue eye
And her dimple deeper grew,
"'Tis surely no sin to tell him that,
For a quarter of eight is two."
—Lehigh Burr.

TO-MORROW.

There is a day which never comes
To light the morning sky,
But in our thoughts above it lives,
And there may never die;
It holds our hopes of future bliss,
Our aspirations high,
And life itself is but a point
In that eternity—
To-morrow.

Each sunset brings us nearer that
Which earth shall not behold,
Where, far away beyond the hills
And through the clouds of gold,
We see a glimpse of brighter hours
Than tongue of bard has told,
When marks of time will be effaced,
When men will not grow old—
To-morrow.
—Dartmouth Literary Monthly.

OPPORTUNITY.

I know not what the future holds—
But this I know,
Youth is a guest, who on his way
Too soon will go.

Once gone we call to deafened ears,
All prayers are vain!
For tears of blood, he will not come
Back once again.

Then spread the board of Life, with wine
And roses drest,
Drink deep and long, greet joy and love
While youth is guest!

—William's Literary Monthly.

A PRETTY FOOT

Is always the subject of favorable comment, and yet it's really the shoe that does the business. The shoe that fits neatly, looks well and has wearing quality, is the kind we sell. We will be glad to make special prices on SHOES to all students of The Normal College. Investigate our

BARGAIN DAYS.

J. M. HENDRIX & CO.

221 SOUTH ELM ST.

Photographs for All

Special Club Prices to Schools.

My regular price of Cabinet Photographs is $4.00 per dozen. To show my appreciation of the school trade I have decided to make the following Club Prices to schools of Greensboro and vicinity :

In clubs of 20, a dozen each, $2.75 per dozen;
In clubs of 30, a dozen each, $2 50 per dozen.

In every case the money must be collected and paid over before the first sitting is made.

The person who secures the club and collects the money will be entitled to one dozen Cabinets without charge.

Views of the Normal and Industrial College.

S. L. ALDERMAN, Photographer,
East Market St., near Post Office.

Students of the Normal

Are cordially invited to visit our parlors.

If when reading or studying your eyes become tired, ache, smart, water, or feel the least uncomfortable it might be well to have them examined. If needed our only charge will be for RIGHT GLASSES that will give relief. Eyes neglected means trouble in the future.

Will be glad to have yau call.

DRS. R. L. & E. H. MOORE,

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Best makes, and all kinds supplies.

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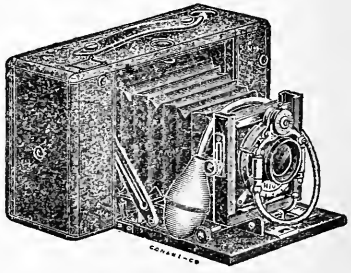
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